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THREE YEARS OLD.

What is it like, I wonder, to roam
Down through the tall grass hidden quite
To feel very far away from home
When the dear house is out of sight?

To want to play with the broken moon
In the star garden of the skies?
To sleep through twilight hours of June
Beneath the sound of lullabies?

To hold up hints for all to see?
Sob at imaginary harms?
To clasp in welcome a father's knee
And sit so well to a mother's arms?

To have life bounded by one dull track
A road and a pond, and to feel no lack?
To gaze with pleasure upon a cow
And caress a mud turtle's horny back?

To follow the robin's cheerful hop
With all the salt small hands can hold,
And coaxingly entreat it to stop—
What is it like to be three years old?

Ah! once I knew, but 'twas long ago,
I try to recall it in vain—
And now I know I shall never know
What it is to be a child again.
—Edw. Wetherald, in Youth's Companion.

A FRESH AIR CHILD.

How She Won the Hearts of Three Old Maids.

The "fresh air" girl stood in the middle of the room and twisted the strings of her hat as she glanced in a shy, embarrassed way at the little group about her.

She felt dimly that it was not pleasant to be talked about and not talked to.

All the way from the little country station, as they had driven along the country roads, she had wanted to ask to get out and walk, only she did not dare. The sense of newness and strangeness was too great.

She had never seen anything but the busy, thronged streets of a great city, and she longed to climb the fence by the roadside and dig her feet deep down into the clover, and chase the yellow butterflies across the fields. But she sat stiffly, by the thin figure at her side, and said nothing, and perhaps was scarcely conscious herself of the longing.

The three women who sat surveying her were distinctly disappointed.

"It wasn't a boy," said Miss Mariah.

"No, it's a girl. I guess they forgot I said in my letter that we wanted a boy," answered Miss Sally.

"Well, I said all along, that the whole thing was a wild goose chase, and it ain't my doin's first nor last," chimed in Miss Dorinda, the tallest and thinnest of the three sisters.

The little girl fastened her eyes on a great pin at Miss Dorinda's neck, and then dared not look away.

It was a big round brooch containing a tiny wreath of hair flowers, of various shades of brown and yellow, set in an oblong rim of gold. The fresh air girl thought it a beautiful pin.

"What is your name, child?" said Miss Mariah.

"Cynthia Dane," answered the little girl.

"Well, you can go out and sit on the stoop if you want to."

"Did you hear anything about the child, Sally?"

"Not much; only that she is a match girl, and there ain't nobody kin to her. She was run over by a wagon and hurt somehow, and when she was well the folks gave her name to the fresh air committee, and they fixed her up and sent her. We've got to keep her for three weeks, poor little thing! She lived in a tenement house with some other families; there were six of them in one room, and they let her stay in one corner. I guess we can stand it to give her a home for three weeks, and not grudge a street child, and don't look like a common sound'n' name. She must have had a nice kind of mother."

"I'm glad she's come," said Miss Mariah, "and I'm right to work to make her a sunbonnet; there was a bundle of them gingham scraps left like mine," and Miss Mariah went off to hunt for the scraps of gingham from her sisters, being short and plump, with smiling blue eyes. The other two were angular and tall and almost as severe as they looked, but they were good women and did whatever they considered their duty.

Cynthia seated herself on the stoop obediently and gazed about her. There were patches of marigold and mignonette by the brick walk, and a great bed of fragrant tall swaying hollyhocks and the bees and butterflies were flitting in and out among them. It was a different world; she had never dreamed of anything like it.

She sat with clasped hands, hardly moving for an hour, and here Miss Mariah found her, with her eyes full of tears.

"What's the matter, child?" she said, gently, and Cynthia answered: "I don't know—only it's all so nice, and Miss Mariah understood, as Miss Dorinda could not have done, and in a little while Cynthia was dancing at her side, down to see the chickens and the turkeys, and in and out of the paths of the old-fashioned garden.

When they came back Miss Mariah had made a friend for life, and Cynthia looked like a different child.

Miss Sally saw them coming, from the window, and she smiled grimly in spite of herself as she said: "It does beat all how Mariah makes every thing better. See that child all the while a magpie, and I tried all but a word from the station and not but Mariah will her but for any use."

This prophecy did not prove true, however, for as the days went by, the little girl's hands and feet saved her all many steps, and even Miss Dorinda acknowledged half reluctantly that she was a willin', biddable and pretty girl. She grew round, and plump, old, childlike, and just what she first came.

Look she had her staunch friend, from the first, and told the others all Cynthia knew about herself.

She remembered her mother, who

had sewed for a living, and who had died four years before, when Cynthia was eight. Since then, she had taken care of herself; she was now almost twelve.

It was a pitiful story, much like many others, no doubt, but no other had come so near to them, and Miss Mariah's voice trembled as she told it. Even Miss Dorinda got up hastily, and began to dust the high mantelpiece vigorously, when they all knew there was not the faintest suspicion of dust there.

After the shyness wore off, and she grew accustomed to her surroundings, they found that she could interest them, in her description of the city and the stores.

Miss Dorinda said that she was a "right smart talker for a child;" but deep down in her heart, she never trusted her, or approved of having her. The turkeys and chickens were very special care, and she soon grew very fond of them.

Most of all, she was interested in a turkey hen, which was the property of Miss Mariah, and was one of a brood raised by hand, as she expressed it. She had petted it until the turkey had grown to be a real nuisance, and took liberties that no other turkey hen had ever been known to take. It would follow Miss Mariah into the house and pick up spoons of thread with its bill, or other small objects within reach.

When Cynthia had been with them two days the turkey wandered off, much to Miss Dorinda's pleasure, but Cynthia was never tired of hearing of the funny things it had done and was sorry that it had gone.

Almost three weeks had passed, and it was Cynthia's birthday.

Miss Mariah came into the wide, cool kitchen and began preparations for stirring up a cup cake for tea, in honor of the day; and she tied on an apron and proceeded to do it, in spite of Miss Dorinda.

"Well, Mariah, if you ain't foolish, and at your age, too. Where's that child? I want a lucket of water."

"She's gone to the meadow to hunt for that turkey hen; its been gone nearly three weeks, and I believe what where and some young ones."

"If the young ones air all like their mother, I hope Cynthia won't find her," said Miss Dorinda, as she went into the spare room to change her dress.

Presently she came out looking strange and excited.

"Mariah Smith," she said, "I put my pin right on that spare room pin cushion after I came home from the Parsons, two days after that child came, and it's gone! Now, where is it?"

"Are you sure?" said Mariah.

"Yes, I know it. I ain't worn it since that, for I ain't had on my lace collar. I've worn that pin for forty years—it was mother's, and you and Sally know what a store I set by it. That child's done took it, for there ain't been nobody else in the house. I seen her twice when I sent her to the spare room closet stop and look at it, and now she's took it."

"Why, Dorinda," said Miss Mariah, "she liked the pin, and she said so, and she wouldn't have talked about it if she had been going to take it. I don't believe she would, anyhow."

"Children don't have no judgment, and her time's most up," answered Dorinda, grimly. "And maybe she thought that I would not miss it 'til after she was gone. Any way I'm goin' to make her tell me where she put it the minute she comes in that door."

Miss Mariah protested in vain, and finally had to be contented with begging her not to scare the child into keeping still, the first thing, even if she had taken it.

They were interrupted by Cynthia herself, who came rushing past the window, breathless and rosy with exercise, her bonnet hanging by the strings around her neck, and her fair hair blown into tiny curls about her face.

She gave Miss Dorinda no chance to speak, but began talking almost before she was in the room.

"Oh Miss Mariah, I've been all over the meadow and down to the orchard hunting that turkey hen, and I found it down by the spring. In the high grass you know, and she's got a nest and six little turkeys, six, Miss Mariah! and she's so cross, and I made her get up, to count them, and there right in the edge of the nest, was Miss Dorinda's pin, and it is not hurt one mite," and she paused breathless, as she unclasped a small brown hand and triumphantly held out the pin.

Miss Dorinda gave a quick glance at her sister, even before she took the brooch. In the look was more appeal than Miss Dorinda often put into a glance.

She was distinctly conscious of feeling ashamed of herself and of not wanting the child to know what she had thought. But she need not have feared, for Cynthia was as unconscious as possible, and when she had gained her breath went on again.

"The turkey must have taken it, for you said she took one of your handkerchiefs once, Miss Mariah, and I remember that she followed me into the spare room the day after I came, when Miss Dorinda sent me to get some sassafras out of the closet. If the bird was at the bureau and look at the pin and after I put it down, she must have picked it up and gone right down to the nest; don't you think so? But it's funny she did not lose it in the high grass. I never did hear of such a turkey."

"Well, it may be funny, but that's the last brood she'll ever raise," said Miss Dorinda, decisively.

When the three weeks were up, it was Dorinda who proposed keeping the child, if she wanted to stay. She had at last found her way to Miss Dorinda's heart. She is with them still, and has brought fresh life into the house, until it hardly seems the same place. When I went out to visit them for a week last summer, as I do every year, I wondered how they had ever managed to do without her.

Anna D. Gray, in Orange Judd Farmer.

OCEAN OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

Its Variations and Tides as It Rotates With the Earth.

We are dwelling on the bottom of a sort of sea. This sea bottom, which is the surface of the earth, may vary as to altitude, being diversified with plains, valleys, plateaus and mountains, but in this only slightly varying range of a few miles is all human life restricted, while the wonderful and mighty atmospheric ocean rolls over all. As our globe is swung in space in its relationship to the sun, it is impossible that an equal diffusion of solar heat should strike and penetrate this atmospheric envelope, as the equatorial zone gets the vertical rays, the temperate zone receives rays that are more slanting and consequently less heat, while the frigid zones, made such by reason of the polar points or regions most remote from the direct rays of the sun, receive the minimum of light and heat.

Now, what is the consequence? Certain areas or belts are intensely heated and expanded. Other belts are only partially heated, and still other regions are almost bereft of heat, and this very mobile ocean by a law of nature seeks to equalize itself, and a system of currents, interchanging and intercommingling is set in motion that are in action seemingly ever and forever. But in the meantime a peculiar force is operative and exerts a singularly modifying influence on this procedure.

This is the earth's diurnal motion, its daily turning on its axis, whereby this very lumpy ocean is also turned and is presented to the sunward side or the side away from the sun. This action relieves the currents of the greater part of the earth to turn with a pole to the sun and the one side constantly to the solar heat, while the other side was constantly away from it, we can not conceive of the incessant hurricanes that would then prevail as the fiercely heated side of its frigid antipode exchanged atmospheric compliments.

We are not to suppose that this atmospheric sea is heated even over the equator from the bottom to the top, which is theoretically about forty-five miles, and here is another peculiarity: At a height of only from four to six miles it is incessantly cold, and higher up the air has more than a polar temperature. But we get no correct impression of the upper air phenomena while we are down at the bottom of this sea. There are thousands of impediments that temporarily retard and stop the currents, and which must consequently go in its eddies and swirls, and the more even and regular flow above. If we could be at the bottom, among the rocks and holes of a deep, swift-flowing river, we should get no correct idea from the surrounding swirls of the smooth and uniform flow on its surface.

Into the ocean of our atmosphere rise vapors and form clouds, which in certain conditions intercept and retard the electric currents, which then accumulate and again seek equilibrium in explosive action, causing the phenomenon known as lightning and followed by peals of thunder. But we are far from being fully conversant with the varied phenomena on and near the surface of this atmosphere.

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THE TALL GIRL'S MISTAKE.

She Started Out to Have Fun With the Young Englishman.

The tall girl with the yellow hair and the white dress had announced her intention of having fun with the young Englishman who was a guest at the house where she was staying. He had but lately arrived in this country, and he was here for a few days on his way to a leisurely inspection of the west. "I suppose, Mr. Cholmely," the tall girl said when she got her proposed victim ranged up beside a lot of other girls who wanted to see and hear the fun. "I suppose you find this country much different from England?"

"Indeed, I do," replied the young Englishman, politely. "It is very different."

"Do you like it?"

"I hardly know yet. I have seen but very little of it, you know."

"Disappointed, aren't you?"

"I can't say that I am."

"Weren't you grieved because you didn't find any Indians in Central park in New York waiting to scalp unwary Britons? You surely thought Indians would be there."

"Far from me, but I had no such idea."

"Well, you expected to hunt buffalo on Long Island. I'll be bound, and looked for cowboys and Mexicans on the wharf, to say nothing of bears and deer in the battery?"

"You are entirely mistaken. I expected to find none of the things you have mentioned."

"But you didn't know how large this country was. You had an idea—alternately heated and cooled as it is presented to the sunward side or the side away from the sun. This action relieves the currents of the greater part of the earth to turn with a pole to the sun and the one side constantly to the solar heat, while the other side was constantly away from it, we can not conceive of the incessant hurricanes that would then prevail as the fiercely heated side of its frigid antipode exchanged atmospheric compliments."

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PITH AND POINT.

—Big words often make a poor cloak for a small idea.—Ran's Horn.

"—Joy, is your father here?" "I guess so. Heard him call somebody a dance."

"—Miss Casey—"I always pay as I go." Gertrude (who is tired)—"Do you see anything in this room you would like to buy?"—Vogue.

"—Teacher—"What does your father work at, Johnny?" Johnny O'Shea—"He don't work at nuttin'; he's a policeman. See?"—Brooklyn Eagle.

"—Don't you think this spring check is excellent?" Boarder—"Yes; I should think it would outwear even Russia leather."—Inter-Ocean.

"—The Best Evidence.—Colviger—"Is it long since he bought this suburban residence?" Merritt—"It can't be. He hasn't tried to sell it yet."—Puck.

"—A Usual Result.—Jugley—"Cobley was loaded last night." Corkton—"Well, that must have been the reason he shot off his mouth so often."—Free Press.

"—Mother—"Why do you stay at home all the time?" Have you no friends to visit? Laura—"Yes, one, but I can't endure her."—Fliegende Blaetter.

"—Willis—"You don't like to play poker with Jones, do you?" Wallace—"What leads you to think so?" Willis—"Jones says he likes to play with you."—Harlem Life.

"—Hungry Higgins—"Say, it ain't hot on the road, here, nerruthin'." Weary Watkins—"You said 'er. Don't you want some hot sauce, cold jail?"—Indianapolis Journal.

"—So you feel you can not marry him." "Yes, I am fully decided."

"Why, don't you like him?" "Oh, I like him well enough, but I can't get him to propose."—Brooklyn Life.

"—Cantley—"There is room for improvement in every home." Topflore—"Not in mine." Cantley—"Why, is your home so perfect?" Topflore—"No, but we live in a fat, fat, fat world."

"—Teacher—"Why was Solomon the wisest man in the world?" Boy—"He had so many wives to advise him."

Teacher—"Well, that is not the answer in the book, but you may go on ahead."

"—Tailor—"Mr. Overdue, I hear that you are about to be married to Miss Bullion. Allow me to congratulate you." Overdue (extending his hand)—"Allow me to congratulate you."—Tit-Bits.

"—Not for Inspiration.—"Before I began on this story," said young Mr. Grafik to his friend, "I opened a small bottle." "Of yellow labels?" asked his friend. "Of ink," replied the writer.—Truth.

"—Book Agent—"Here is that book, ma'am, 'How to Play the Piano.' Lady of the House—"What book? I didn't order any book." Book Agent—"No, but the neighbors told me to bring it to you."—Harlem Life.

"—Truthful—"What a horrid humbug you are!" "Why, my dear?" "Why, you said to Mrs. Longchild that she didn't look as if she could be the mother of Miss Longchild, and she looks ninety!" "I know it, but she looks like an old maid."—Harper's Bazar.

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